

# Diaphenia

Francis Pilkington  
(c.1562-1638)

5

Soprano

1. Di-a - phe - ni-a, like the daff - a - down - dil - ly, White as the  
 2. Di-a - phe - ni-a, like the spread- ing ro - ses, That in thy  
 3. Di-a - phe - ni-a, like to all things bles - sed, When all thy

Alto

1. Di-a - phe-ni - a, like the daff - a - down - dil - ly, white as the  
 2. Di-a - phe-ni - a, like the spread- ing ro - ses, that in thy  
 3. Di-a - phe-ni - a, like to all things bles- sed, when all thy

Tenor

8

1. Di-a - phe - ni - a, white,  
 2. Di-a - phe - ni - a, ro-  
 3. Di-a - phe - ni - a, bles-

Bass

1. Di-a - phe-ni- a, like the daff - a-down- dil- ly, white,  
 2. Di-a - phe-ni- a, like the spread- ing ro- ses, ro-  
 3. Di-a - phe-ni- a, like to all things bles- sed, prai-

10

S

sun, fair as the li - ly; Heigh - ho, heigh - ho,  
 sweets, all sweets en - clo - ses: Fair sweet, fair sweet,  
 prai - ses are ex - press-ed; Dear joy, dear joy,

A

sun, fair as the li - ly; Heigh - ho, heigh - ho, how  
 sweets, all sweets en - clo - ses: Fair sweet, fair sweet, how  
 prai- ses are ex - press-ed; Dear joy, dear joy, how

T

8

fair, Heigh-  
 ses, all sweets, Fair  
 sed, praise Dear

B

faire as the li- ly;  
 ses, all the sweets  
 ses, all ex-press- ed;

Heigh ho, heigh ho,  
 Fair sweet, fair sweet,  
 Dear joy, dear joy,

15

S  
how I do love thee! I do love thee as my lambs are be-lov-ed  
how I do love thee! I do love thee as each flow'r loves the sun's life-  
how I do love thee! As the birds do love the spring, or the bees their

A  
I do love thee! I do love thee as my lambs are be-lo-ved  
I do love thee! I do love thee as each flow'r loves the sun's life-  
I do love thee! As the birds do love the spring, or the bees their

T  
8 I love thee! I love thee, be-lo-  
I love thee! I love thee, thy breath-  
I love thee! I love thee, in re-quite,

B  
I love thee! I love thee as my lambs are be-  
I love thee! I love thee as each flow'r love the sun,  
I love thee! I love thee, I love thee, I love

20

S  
of their dams, How blest were I if thou would'st prove me!\_\_\_\_  
giv-ing pow'r, For dead, thy breath to life might move me.\_\_\_\_  
care-ful king, Then in re-quite, sweet vir-gin, love me.\_\_\_\_

A  
of their dams, How blest were I if thou would'st prove me!\_\_\_\_  
giv-ing pow'r, For dead, thy breath to life might move me.\_\_\_\_  
care-ful king, Then in re-quite, sweet vir-gin, love me.\_\_\_\_

T  
8 \_\_\_\_\_ ved, if thou \_\_\_\_\_ would'st prove me!\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ to life \_\_\_\_\_ might move me.\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ sweet \_\_\_\_\_ vir- \_\_\_\_\_ gin, love me.\_\_\_\_

B  
lo- \_\_\_\_\_ ved, How \_\_\_\_\_ blest were I if \_\_\_\_\_ thou \_\_\_\_\_ would'st prove me!\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ For \_\_\_\_\_ dead, thy breath to \_\_\_\_\_ life \_\_\_\_\_ might move me.\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ thee, Then \_\_\_\_\_ in re-quite, sweet \_\_\_\_\_ vir- \_\_\_\_\_ gin, love me.\_\_\_\_